

THIS IS A NEWSPAPER

The Lane Gewgaw

"THE GEM OF JOURNALISM"



THIS IS A GOOD NEWSPAPER

VOL. I, No. 1

FRANKLIN K. LANE HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLYN, N. Y., APRIL 1, 1963

WE PAY YOU

Bright 'Gewgaw' Outshines Dull Paper

On this page we offer nothing more than a newspaper which not only should have begun years ago, but one which will be remembered and praised to the peak of its glory for centuries to come. We have no other preliminaries to settle with the Reader than to hope he will throw off his former feelings of blind loyalty to a dull newspaper and attach his senti-

ments to our Lane Gewgaw. We hope he will take on reason (assuming that the Lane Reporter took it away from him) and have the courage, foresight, and bravery to overcome the boredom caused by reading that illiterate, sensational, journalistic you-know-what. (Our opinion is of nature unbiased.) In other words, we are asking our readers to take on common sense, make their own decisions, have their own opinions, to go against the crowd, and more important, read the Lane Gewgaw.

We kid you not, Laneites. This paper is the real McCoy. It's not a party sheet, a house organ, a fly-by-night deal; it's the embodiment of a living idea! An idea that took hold of a group of staunch Laneites—an idea which spurred their creative and philosophic instincts to the heights from which they write today. (The tower room is high, you know.)

Ah, the stories we could tell you! You poor trusting sions, have their own opinions, go against the crowd, We could reveal...

Unfortunately, extreme space limitations prohibit us from giving you all the irrelevant details. Come to think of it, they prohibit us from giving you anything. Therefore, we may as well leave the whole mess to your imagination.

Our creed? The Declaration of Independence couldn't have done it better! 1) We will eliminate bad reporting. (When we turn make Lane a

standin' work and also for winnin' da competition races. Anodder 'ting, if ya don' know wad an Osprey is, well den I'll tell ya. Dey is high school chicks who joins a swimmin' club, but dey must not only no to swim, but if deys drowns, theys gotta have to save demselves.

2) We'll throw off the shackles of totalitarianism. (It doesn't matter what that means. It just sounds good.) 3) We'll never take it into our heads to report falsehoods, to slander, to be prejudiced. (Beginning to sound impressive, eh?) 4) Most important, we promise to make this a swingin' paper, and in

ing. (When we turn make Lane a standin' work and also for winnin' da competition races. Anodder 'ting, if ya don' know wad an Osprey is, well den I'll tell ya. Dey is high school chicks who joins a swimmin' club, but dey must not only no to swim, but if deys drowns, theys gotta have to save demselves.)

swingin' school. (We will encourage fair play, justice, bossism, featherbedding, and moonlighting, all integral to the welfare of Lane.)

As to our policy? Undoubtedly you know it as well as we; therefore, there's no sense telling you. But if you don't know, just write us with a self-stamped, self-addressed envelope, and we will summarize our policy for you. (On the envelope.) On the other hand, if you do know our policy, you had better tell us, and we'll write you a self-stamped, self-addressed envelope. Then, we can tell those who don't know what you know what you know, and it will save us five cents. (You'd be surprised at how much needless confusion this avoids.)

So Laneites, we are getting tired (not of you) of answering all these questions. Now that you have read of our policy, our goals, our purpose—read our paper. Look; marvel at the excellent coverage of news, precise grammar, faultless typ ogrephi, wonderful editing. This doesn't happen every day.

Remember it is common knowledge that what Lane

needs to build itself into a lively giant of a school is a good newspaper. Remember common sense says ours will do this. Remember you are encouraging bad news if you read the Lane Reporter. Remember for enlightenment read the Lane Gewgaw. Hey! We forgot to tell you about

(Continued on page two, column three)

Start Folk Club Arista Expands To Sing & Talk 62 Enter Ranks

Lane has a folk music club. Folk music is music of the folk. The folk are people who live in the country. A country is like America. The club will study American folk music and music from other countries.

The club had a first meeting. Three teachers were there. Some of them were Mr. Altomare, Mr. Stolls, and Miss Bauman. They played a guitar and a banjo to make music. The students sang. They used voices. Some people can't use voices too well.

The singing and making music was at the first meeting of the club. A meeting of the club is where people come to sing or talk. Voices talk too. Most people talk but don't say much.

A committee of the folk music club wrote a constitution. A constitution tells the rules of the club. One rule is that students will sing at the club sometimes. Sometimes means not always. Other times they may learn about the folk. They are the people in the country. (Remember?).

The club has about thirty members. The members join. Maybe you should join? Are you a people? Yes? Then be a folk too.

Down the dimly-lit aisles of the bleak auditorium came the strangling procession of sixty-two Arista inductees, the boys enshrouded in gloomy-colored suits and girls in skirts of a ghastly hue. So began the intricate proceedings of the Arista installation on the desolate twentieth day of the melancholy third month.

Sullen Elvy Pettit approached the platform with leaden steps. His hollow voice resounded throughout the haunted auditorium as the mesmerized group drank in the hideous import of his words on the meaning of Arista.

The ghostly figure of Bruce Levin then appeared. As he lit the three candles representing scholarship, character, and service, an eerie, unnatural glow poured forth.

Shallow whispering voices cracked the oppressive silence as the sixty-two living corpses recited the Arista death cry, led by the gaunt Francine Weinberg, girl leader of Arista. The phantoms paraded onto the rickety stage to receive their pins.

Angela Stabile became the first of the victims to scrawl their names on the cold white pages of the decayed Arista roster.

Dem Chicks Dive Dey Splash Two

You wanna know somethin'? Well, the Ospreys are havin' anodder one of thos' Playday blasts. Yea, Mrs. Roche is goin' to supervise da arrangements. A bunch a Ospreys from a few schools is gonna perform befor' da odder groups of Ospreys. It's gonna take place on one of da days in May, from 12:00 noon to 4:00 p.m.. Of course, der's gonna be refreshments for thos' hard workin' chicks. Dey will also be awarded wid medals for dat

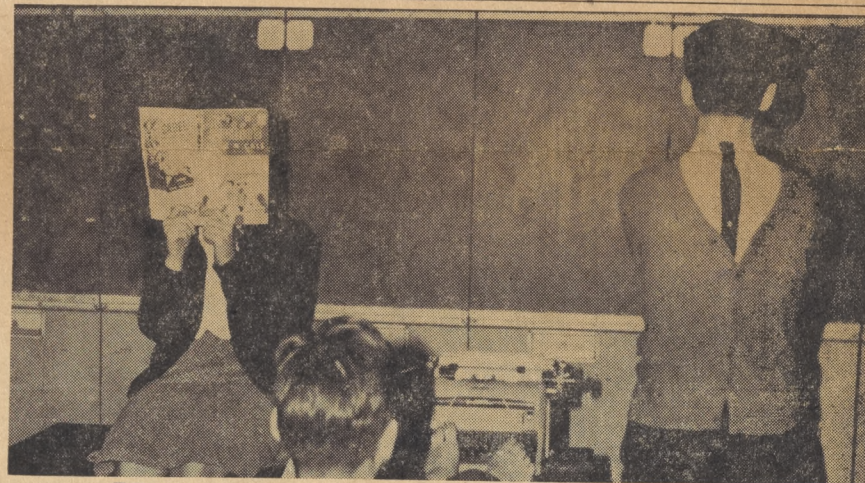
Faculty Fish; Discus Catch

好克自府線明的
戰馬由的一不態
能洪中處，承度合
度線國境似認始北
，一同亦乎一終方
此，樣很沒九是面
間只的艦有一謹對
朝是立他過四慎於
野台場，任年的中
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一不都要嚴訂保境
個贊不的正一守的
糾成承是聲麥的糾
紛中認明克除紛
在共一共，馬了所
在的麥與政洪聲持

國洪安常執此是即
的線理應提嘗在將
立與會勉交試亞探
場中抑的聯，非取
是共聯事合此集

台北注視中印邊

本報



Editors of the LANE GEWGAW engrossed in a literary problem.

Whiskey Glass & Chips Mix With Integral Calculus

A hypothetical and practical problem of the integral calculus is to find the amount of liquor a standard whiskey glass can hold. To start, one traces the outline of the glass on paper (polar co-ordinate paper, semi-log paper, anything). The resulting shape is usually parabolic. If the form is cut out and placed on the upward shaft of a high speed motor, the approximate volume of the glass is perceived. To find the actual volume a collection of thousands of poker chips of assorted diameters and thicknesses is procured. The poker chips are then dropped, smaller ones first, into the spinning parabolic function until it is filled.

each at a thickness of .0000000001 of an inch.

Actually this is the primitive way Archimedes would've done the problem (if Greeks drank from whiskey glasses) and is not the way it's now solved, principally because of a lack of poker chips.

NOTE: The probability that this is wrong is 1:10,000, but then the theory of probability does not pretend to furnish an infallible criterion for the discrimination of an accidental coincidence from resulting determining causes.

Using a standard volumetric formula for the cylinder, add the volumes of the poker chips. This total closely approximates that of the jigger. When a little thought is set in motion, it may be seen that as the number of chips approaches billions and the chips get thinner, the actual volume of the glass is approached. Members of this staff found an efficient number to be 6,078,546,091 chips,

Pimples

You needn't suffer with acne pimples. Don't think that they will disappear in time. You can have a healthier, clearer complexion in three days. A new scientific approach to a cleaner and clearer skin! Pimples disappear as if by magic. Use "NU CLEAR" Lotion for three days as directed. You will notice a marked improvement in your complexion. "NU CLEAR" is a medicated antiseptic lotion that kills skin bacteria on contact as it deep cleanses the enlarged pores and pimples. Ask your druggist! Results guaranteed in three days or your money refunded.

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Money. The bane of mankind! The unscrupulous means to power! The cause of rivalry, jealousy, and love! Beautiful green stuff. Oodles of it. That's what I need: oodles of money. Girls never think of how much money a prom means (They never think.); they just want to have a "blast."

When my date told me about all the things she had planned, she probably also thought that I was heir to that valuable property at Herald Square and 34th.

First of all, there are flowers. She wants an orange orchid to contrast with her dress. I would rather pick some weeds from my mother's garden. Then there's the tux. I'm going to feel as if I were a starched bell-boy. I think

WHAT KINDA FOOL IS SHE?

peg pants with the ole sport shirt are more comfortable.

Next in line, the transportation problem. She told me that she would actually prefer a limousine to a taxi, but I have a better idea. In the garage, Dad has an old rusty, beat-up jeep which I'm sure he'd let me borrow. So what if her yards of taupe chiffon get dirty and caught in the wheels, and her wig gets lost in the wind!

Then when she told me what she had lined up for after the prom, I almost told her to forget the whole thing. She asked me to make reservations at the Copa, Basin St. East, Hawaiian Room, Town & Country, and the Peppermint Lounge, and she expects to go to all of them. Frankly, I would much rather take her to Jahn's "fer a 2¢ plain."

After attending these "night-spots," she wants to take one of those buggy rides in Central Park and wind it up with "Breakfast at Tiffany's."

She's no date; she's "some kind of a nut!"

Sorry—we ran out of headlines

Sparks flying and cinders rolling was the picture when Lane's track team gathered Saturday, March 2, for the P.S.A.L. Championship meet at the 168 St. Armory.

Bernard Bates, p.g. 6, ran the century dash in a blistering 10.7 seconds, putting him third in his heat, but this left Lane scoreless as only the first two runners qualify for the finals.

Lenny Jefferson, p.g. 6, was one of Lane's best hopes in the high jump, but Lenny went out fighting at five feet eight inches. Also for Lane was Frank Wilson, who cleared five feet and one-half inches, coming in eighth place. Jay Taylor, Lane's speedy half-miler, managed to finish the race in an outstanding 2:06 seconds, to just outside the last place man.

The 1200-yard relay consisted of Rober Smith, p.g. 6; Decker Lewis, p.g. 2;

A Park To Get Even A College

Advantages and disadvantages of all possible locations for graduation were presented to seniors at an assembly February 20, by Mr. Jacob Peshkin, administrative assistant, who explained that Brooklyn Technical High School's auditorium was available, is large but hard to get to, and Queens College's Colden Auditorium is also big enough but again presents a traveling difficulty with Forest Park as another possibility which has a great advantage in that an unlimited amount of people can attend if the weather is fair rather than bad and that brought up the suggestion to reserve both Forest Park and Queens College because most seniors preferred this proposal which was presented to the Parents' Association by Mr. James J. O'Connell, principal, and it was discussed after the meeting in room 200 where general opinion was favorable to take a vote in Senior classes, showing the majority voting in favor of the two reservations, for a nice day graduation will be June 26, at Forest Park in the morning, but if it rains, ceremonies will be at Colden Auditorium the night of June 26, allowing each senior to be given four tickets.

of fashion-ignorant teenagers therein.

Many and strange are the kaleidoscopic color combinations conceived by these clods, clotheswise, that is. Take, for instance, a hairy little character dressed completely in brown whom I saw the other day. Not so bad, you say? Ha! I requote myself: "hairy," orange hair, that is.

Then this girl comes along, fair-to-middling facewise, but those clothes! Every color of the proverbial rainbow and a few that couldn't be picked up even with the aid of a spectroscope! Imagine yourself in my place, bruised eyeballs encountering this apparition just as mine did: hair, green; lips, yellow; sweater, bright, blasting, mind-shattering orange; skirt, a sort of plaid design: green, blue, and lightening flashes of beige; and shoes, violet, like the color of iodine gas (which is poisonous).

And it's not only the students!

The other day an instructor, I suppose, dressed in a gray sweatshirt, vile sneakers, maroon treader pants, and beret, sort of diseased greenish yellow in hue, entered the building.

There are many more cases that come to mind, but since I'm running out of aspirin I shall close my case book and consider the psychological aspect of the question. And that is: are these teenagers without any sense of taste or are they living completely within a dream world of their own individual eye-sore perfection.

Bye-bye.

P.S. I've just got word from one of my secret agents. Save your racoon coats; Betty Boop will rise again!

Lane Belts Hard in First Round; Loses by 18 Runs and Field Goal

As the umpire blew the whistle, two lanky boys came to the midfield spot on the diamond and awaited the toss-up. The significance of this ritual—the beginning of round one.

From the first pitch, Lane was in command. The Knights fought a bitter first period, gaining a 15-13 advantage over Boys' dangerous five.

In the second round, Boys settled down to a steady offensive, putting Lane right against the ropes. After eight minutes of calculated passing, serving, and batting, Boys held the reins of a 37-26 score.

As the third out came in the ninth inning, Boys was in front by 10½

Clods in Color Roam in Vigor

Walking through the lengthy halls of Lane in the pallid hours of the morning when those poor souls who consider themselves students are huffing and puffing from the stale dawn, my fashion-observant eyes have been wounded, insulted, and just plain inflamed by the sight of the multitudes

Tennis Is Light 'Stuff' If You Are As Fabulous As A Pro-Like Me!

A striving student, intrepid skier, and immaculate tennis player is the ideal description of the man I foresee as the third singles player—me.

I learned about "love" when I played with Lane's tennis team last season. "Love" is a score designation indicating that a player has made no points. Though I accumulated my share of losses, they were sheerly accidental. It was my first year on the team and also the first time I played in any sort of competition. So I accepted my defeats with the unique realization that the players bulldozed me.

I played with force, primitive determination. But these attributes were not enough to win. So I developed a smashing hard serve. In a game with Jamaica, occupying a spot on the second doubles team, I aced a fellow four times in a row. The feeling was overwhelming, but I became used to it. Beware, Rod Laver!

Before I can meet Laver, it is essential for me to surpass Richard Appelfeld and Carlton Malloney, my two foremost contenders for the number three spot.

Richard and Carlton are returning from last year's team. They comprised the first doubles team. However, they will not be content to once again play doubles. They find it necessary to make things difficult for me, and I am compelled to show them who will play third singles—neither of them, I'm certain.

Norman Berger, likeliest candidate for the number one singles position, has strong opposition in Jeff Gaster. But Jeff has just come into the possession of a driver's license, and this creates a diversion. I, on the other hand, have no vices to tempt me from tennis. When I began playing tennis, I was a mere component of that mighty machine called the Netmen. Now, after practice, I am that machine!

baskets, 80-59. Relieving for Lane were Mel Best and Nat White who came in for Al Lewis and Jimmy Thompson.

Cecil Palmer spiked his opponents for 13. Willie Williams tossed 10 between the uprights.

Signing in with the most R.B.I.'s for Lane was Stone Harrison. Harrison appeared to be ubiquitous, making unique plays from all parts of the oval. He completed the game with a

Foul Flakes Not Fair To 'Shrew's' Opening

'Twas March; the snow cam'st softly sifting down
O'er New York's streets; a playhouse through the flakes
I saw didst beckon schoolboys to its door;

The *Taming of the Shrew* show'd marquee tall,
But fates had deem'd that few would view the piece

Since weather foul look'd not as though 'twould cease.

A murmur rose as they who'd brav'd the storm

Found situate their goal: And'rson Playhouse.

Then houselights dim, the footlights front from far

Reflected players ent'ring on the stage.
With costumes bright and lyrics light.
Methinks

The players held the eyes and ears and hearts

Of all who viewed the scenes. The guests yet did

Marvel at fair Bianca, woo'd by all,
Who stopp'd from showing favor 'til that day

When some brave man would take her sister Kate,

Spoken oft' as Katherine the curst;
Virago Kate didst dost become a spouse.

They saw Petruchio take Kate as his wife

And set to making sweet this female wild.

Man and wife quarrell'd long, but after all

The shrew was tamed and harmony reigned.

Bianca had her love, and Kate the curst
Was curst no more but sweet and kind and good

And obedient as thus befits a wife.

The play hath pleas'd each one who view'd it then

And can please more; each one who wishes joy

In form of Shakespeare's artistry can see

The *Taming of the Shrew* for one week more

At Phoenix-And'rson Playhouse for a rate

As little as the joy deriv'd is great.

And teachers of the English Arts will know

Details to gain entrance to this show.

total of two touchdowns, then headed the ball into the net for two more.

Tee 4 Two, Putt 4 You:

Windswept Victory Field was the sight of the annual Lane golf tryouts. (Oh! How my hair blew!)

Peter Cirolli and Alan Harms of p.g. 8, Mario La Rosa, p.g. 6, Tim Ganun and Walter Kosmij of p.g. 4, and Ken Doerfler, p.g. 3, came out to make this year's team. During the tryouts Richard wore a red plaid shirt; Peter, a green one. Tim wore blue which added to the attraction of his eyes (They're the Cary Grant type, you know).

LANEITES

Reading more now.
Enjoying it less?

Think newspapers should be good
As nothing else could?

WANT TO BE STIMULATED?

Read the **LANE REPORTER**
Remember, it's the **ONE** paper to have
When you're having more than one!

Relentlessly, all five tried to keep a little white ball which approximated the color of my graduation dress except that my dress had a light yellow sash—anyway, the boys struggled to keep it on something they called a fairway (it really looks like a seasaw board and isn't much wider).

One of the boys, wearing large glasses, attempted to putt the ball. I watched his feet, and it looked as though he were either pigeon-toed or knock-kneed. To top this off, the only place the ball went was in the next hole. Others were asked to "drive" the ball (golfers call it driving but to me it appeared as if visions of their worst enemies lay before them).

On their backs, the boys carried leather satchels which looked like laundry bags. In them, they carried a variety of sticks (oh, excuse me)—clubs.

During a league game the best "golfer" (I'd rather call him a murderer for belting that poor defenseless ball!) from this school will play the best "golfer" (one of the same) from the opposing school and so on down through all five boys.

The team will use something called the "hole play" in scoring. This means that every time a boy hits that poor defenseless ball into one of those muddy little holes, he gets a point.

There are eighteen holes which the boy must play. Eighteen holes through which he must lug that heavy laundry bag, filled with different colored sticks!

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Brooklyn, N. Y.

Willie Smith, p.g. 6, and Bobby Hurtle, p.g. 2. But the team was unable to finish there.

Running the mile was Jose Velazquez, p.g. 8. Jose, one of Lane's cross country runners, failed to finish his race, leaving Lane scoreless in the mile.



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